Numb. 194

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Militat omnis amans. Ovid.

From *Tueſday July* 4. to *Thurſday July* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 5.

I Was this Morning reading the Tenth Canto in the Fourth Book of *Spencer*, in which Sir *Scudamore* relates the Progreſs of his Courtſhip to *Amoret* under a very beautiful Allegory, which is one of the moſt natural and unmixed of any in that moſt excellent Author. I ſhall tranſproſe it, to uſe Mr. *Bays*'s Term, for the Benefit of many *Engliſh* Lovers, who have by frequent Letters deſired me to lay down ſome Rules for the Conduct of their virtuous Amours; and ſhall only premiſe, That by the Shield of Love, is meant a generous conſtant Paſſion for the Perſon beloved.

When the Fame, ſays he, of this celebrated Beauty firſt flew Abroad, I went in Purſuit of her to the *Temple of Love*. This Temple, continues he, bore the Name of the Goddeſs *Venus*, and was ſeated in a moſt fruitful Iſland, walled by Nature againſt all Invaders. There was a ſingle Bridge that led into the Iſland, and before it a Caſtle garriſon'd by 20 Knights. Near the Caſtle was an open Plain, and in the midſt of it a Pillar, on which was hung the Shield of Love; and underneath it, in Letters of Gold, was this Inſcription:

Happy the Man who well can uſe his Bliſs;
Whoſe ever be the Shield, Fair Amoret *be his.*

My Heart panted upon reading the Inſcription: I ſtruck upon the Shield with my Spear. Immediately iſſued forth a Knight well mounted, and compleatly armed, who, without ſpeaking, ran fiercely at me. I receiv'd him as well as I could, and by good Fortune threw him out of the Saddle. I encounter'd the whole Twenty ſucceſſively, and leaving them all extended on the Plain, carried off the Shield in Token of Victory. Having thus vanquiſh'd my Rivals, I paſſed on without Impediment, till I came to the outermoſt Gate of the Bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called, but could get no Anſwer. At laſt I ſaw one on the other Side of the Gate, who ſtood peeping thro' a ſmall Crevice. This was the Porter; he had a double Face reſembling *Janus*, and was continually looking about him, as if he miſtruſted ſome ſudden Danger. His Name, as I afterwards learned, was *Doubt*. Over-againſt him ſat *Delay*, who entertain'd Paſſengers with ſome idle Story, while they loſt ſuch Opportunities as were never to be recovered. As ſoon as the Porter ſaw my Shield, he open'd the Gate; but upon my entring, *Delay* caught hold of me, and would fain have made me liſten to her Fooleries. However, I ſhook her off, and paſs'd forward, till I came to the Second Gate, *The Gate of good Deſert*, which always ſtood wide open; but in the Porch was an hideous Giant that ſtop'd the Entrance. His Name was *Danger*. Many Warriors of good Reputation, not able to bear the Sternneſs of his Look, went back again. Cowards fled at the firſt Sight of him, except ſome few, who watching their Opportunity, ſlip'd by him unobſerved. I prepared to aſſault him; but upon the firſt Sight of my Shield, he immediately gave Way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder Parts much more deformed and terrible than his Face; *Hatred*, *Murther*, *Treaſon*, *Envy*, and *Detraction*, lying in Ambuſh behind him, to fall upon the Heedleſs and Unwary.

I now entered *The Iſland of Love*, which appeared in all the Beauties of Art and Nature, and teaſted every Senſe with the moſt agreeable Objects. Amidſt a pleaſing Variety of Walks and Allies, ſhady Seats, and flowry Banks, ſunny Hills, and gloomy Vallies, were Thouſands of Lovers ſitting or walking together in Pairs, and ſinging Hymns to the Deity of the Place.

I could not forbear envying this happy People, who were already in Poſſeſſion of all they could deſire. While I went forward to the Temple, the Structure was beautiful beyond Imagination: The Gate ſtood open. In the Entrance ſat a moſt amiable Woman, whoſe Name was *Concord*.

On either Side of her ſtood Two young Men, both ſtrongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learn'd, they were both her Sons, but begotten of her by Two different Fathers; their Names *Love* and *Hatred*.

The Lady ſo well-tempered and reconciled them both, that ſhe forced them to join Hands; tho' I could not but obſerve, that *Hatred* turned aſide his Face, as not able to endure the Sight of his younger Brother.

I at length entered the Inmoſt Temple, the Roof of which was raiſed upon an Hundred Marble Pillars, decked with Crowns, Chains, and Garlands. The Ground was ſtrow'd with Flowers. An Hundred Altars, at each of which ſtood a Virgin Prieſteſs cloathed in White, blazed all at once with the Sacrifice of Lovers, who were perpetually ſending up their Vows to Heaven in Clouds of Incenſe.

In the Midſt ſtood the Goddeſs her ſelf upon an Altar, whoſe Subſtance was neither Gold nor Stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her Neck flew numberleſs Flocks of little *Loves*, *Joys*, and *Graces*; and all about her Altar lay ſcattered Heaps of *Lovers*, complaining of the Diſdain, Pride, or Treachery, of their Miſtreſſes. One among the reſt, no longer able to contain his Griefs, broke out into the following Prayer:

'*Venus*, Queen of Grace and Beauty, Joy of
'Gods and Men, who with a Smile becalmeſt the
'Seas, and reneweſt all Nature; Goddeſs, whom
'all the different Species in the Univerſe obey with
'Joy and Pleaſure, grant I may at laſt obtain the
'Objects of my Vows.

The

The impatient Lover pronounced this with great Vehemence; but I in a ſoft Murmur beſought the Goddeſs to lend me her Aſſiſtance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to caſt my Eye on a Company of Ladies, who were aſſembled together in a Corner of the Temple waiting for the Anthem.

The foremoſt ſeemed ſomething elder, and of a more compoſed Countenance, than the reſt, who all appeared to be under her Direction. Her Name was *Womanhood*. On one Side of her ſat *Shamefacedneſs*, with Bluſhes riſing in her Cheeks, and her Eyes fixed upon the Ground. On the other was *Chearfulneſs*, with a ſmiling Look, that infuſed a ſecret Pleaſure into the Hearts of all that ſaw her. With theſe ſat *Modeſty*, holding her Hand on her Heart; *Courteſy*, with a graceful Aſpect, and obliging Behaviour; and the Two Siſters, who were always linked together, and reſembled each other, *Silence* and *Obedience*.

Thus ſat they all around in ſeemly Rate,
And in the Midſt of them a goodly Maid,
Ev'n in the Lap of Womanhood *there ſat,*
The which was all in Lilly white array'd;
Where Silver Streams among the Linen ſtray'd;
Like to the Morn, when firſt her ſhining Face
Hath to the Gloomy World it ſelf bewray'd.
That ſame was faireſt Amoret *in Place,*
Shining with Beauty's Light, and Heav'nly Virtue's Grace.

As ſoon as I beheld the charming *Amoret*, my Heart throbbed with Hopes. I ſtepped to her, and ſeized her Hand; when *Womanhood* immediately riſing up, ſharply rebuked me for offering in ſo rude a Manner to lay hold on a Virgin. I excuſed my ſelf as modeſtly as I could, and at the ſame Time diſplayed my Shield; upon which, as ſoon as ſhe beheld the God emblazoned with his Bow and Shafts, ſhe was ſtruck mute, and inſtantly retired.

I ſtill held faſt the fair *Amoret*, and turning my Eyes towards the Goddeſs of the Place, ſaw that ſhe favoured my Pretenſions with a Smile, which ſo emboldened me, that I carried off my Prize.

The Maid, ſometimes with Tears, ſometimes with Smiles, entreated me to let her go: But I led her through the Temple-Gate, where the Goddeſs *Concord*, who had favoured my Entrance, befriended my Retreat.

This Allegory is ſo natural, that it explains it ſelf. The Perſons in it are very artfully deſcribed, and diſpoſed in proper Places. The Poſts aſſigned to *Doubt*, *Delay*, and *Danger*, are admirable. The Gate of *Good Deſert* has ſomething noble and inſtructive in it. But above all, I am moſt pleaſed with the beautiful Grouppe of Figures in the Corner of the Temple. Among theſe, *Womanhood* is drawn like what the Philoſophers call an Univerſal Nature, and is attended with beautiful Repreſentatives of all thoſe Virtues that are the Ornaments of the Female Sex, conſidered in its natural Perfection and Innocence.

Advertiſements.

*** On Monday next will be delivered to Subſcribers, by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, and J. Morphew near Stationers-hall, The Firſt Volume of the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff Eſq; in Octavo, on a fine Royal and Medium Papers.

And the Second Volume will be deliver'd in about a Fortnight, it being neceſſarily defer'd for Want of Paper, which is juſt come by the Fleet now arriv'd from *Holland*.

N. B. Several Perſons having ſubſcribed in Scotland, Ireland, and other Parts, whoſe Names are not yet returned, the whole Liſt of Subſcribers will be reprinted in the Second Volume, as well to correct the Errors that may have happened in this, as to inſert the Names not yet received.

The ſame Day they will be publiſh'd in 12*mo*, being fitted for the Pocket, and printed on a neat Elzevir Letter, and good Paper.

Note, Thoſe already publiſhed are the ſpurious and incorrect Edition, ſeveral Times advertiſed againſt in this Paper; and all Buyers ſhall be informed in this Paper how to diſtinguiſh the Genuin from the Counterfeit Copy.

Morning-Gowns for Men and Women, of Silk, Stuffs, and Callicoes (being the Goods of Perſons that failed) which were to be diſpoſed of at the Olive-Tree and Still, are now to be ſold at the Golden Sugar-Loaf up one Pair of Stairs, over-againſt the Horſe at Charing-Croſs; with a freſh Parcel at very low Rates, the Price being ſet on each Gown.

FOR Sale by the Candle, this Day, being the 6th Inſtant, at Lloyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at 6 in the Afternoon, (only one Cask in a Lot) 20 Pipes of new excellent White (and 6 Pipes of new Red deep and bright) Lisbon Wines, neat, an entire Parcel juſt landed; now in a Cellar on Wiggin's Key, between Billingſgate and the Cuſtom-houſe; 14 Pipes of new Canary, neat, and lately landed, in a Warehouſe fronting the Thames, on Galley-Key, between the Cuſtom-houſe and Tower-Dock; 7 Puncheons of very good Bourdeaux Fr. Brandy, neat, an entire Parcel, lately imported from Guernſey, lying under a Barber's Shop in Eaſtcheap near the Qu.'s Weigh-houſe; 40 half Chiſts of new Red Florence Wine, lately landed out of the Greyhound, now in a Cellar near the Ipſwich Arms Inn in Cullum-ſtreet by Fenchurch-ſtreet: 9 whole Cheſts of new Red Florence Wine, in a Cellar under Mr. Hatſell's in St. Clement's-lane, between Lombard-ſtreet and Cannon-ſtreet. All the aforeſaid Wines and Brandy are to be taſted till the Hour of Sale. To be ſold by T. Tomkins, Broker, in Crutched-Fryars.

FOR Sale by the Candle, to Morrow, being the 7th Inſtant, at Lloyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at 6 in the Afternoon, about 90 Cask, viz. Pipes, Hogſheads and Quarter Cask, (only one Cask in a Lot) of new excellent Maderas Wine, of the true Flavour, neat, an entire Cargo, juſt landed; now in Cellars at Cox-Key, between London-Bridge and Billingſgate, and may be taſted this Day from 7 to 1, and from 2 to 7, and to Morrow till the Hour of Sale. To be ſold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Crutched-Fryars.

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